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SATURDAY: 12 SEPTEMBER, 1903.

The Training of Teachers.

As pedagogy is merely in the preceptual stage of its development, the best way of training teachers is a matter of great uncertainty. Education can point to no great revolutionising discoveries like physics with its Copernican system, like medicine with its germ theory. To convince oneself of this one need only read the biographies of famous educators or histories of educational opinion and theories.

Where Aristotle stood we stand. "Here's my son," says the confiding father, "educate him," and the schoolmaster who smilingly bows the father to the door knows in his soul that he has undertaken a task beyond his powers. The object of teaching is not in dispute; although each educationist states it in his own way, few would deny that the schoolmaster's work is to increase the communal good. The educated man is he who knows best how to use his powers in the interests of society, or he is in the strict sense of the word an economist who buys in the dearest market and sells in the cheapest. But there is little profit in this definition-mongering. We still only partially know how to train up a child in the way he should go. Accordingly when public speakers talk fluently about the training of teachers, they are doing the State the disservice of passing bad coin as good. How many realise that to-day, when the State has for the first time assumed the responsibility of organising primal and higher education, the supply of trained teachers is practically nil?

The training colleges on which the elementary schools rely for part of their staff are not in any real sense training colleges at all: they are schools where the pupil-teachers prepare for examinations. It is true that some attempt is made in these institutions to teach a few unessential matters connected with teaching, hence their name; but most of the students' time is occupied in the best colleges in working for the Arts' examination of London University. Members of school-boards, managers, public orators, clergymen and ministers have no knowledge of what happens inside a training college, and they are therefore quite unconscious that the word "trained" in this connection has merely verbal significance. Only the trained teacher knows what a farce his training was, and when one trained teacher meets another they must perforce both laugh. If the elementary teacher had been really trained we should see the fruits of his training to-day. Few men are less interested in education than he. Curiously enough, it is the untrained teacher of the secondary schools aided by the Teachers' Guild, by the reports of the Board of Education, who has been working hard for the last ten or fifteen years to put pedagogy on a scientific basis. It is due to his efforts and his interest that there is now such a demand for pedagogic literature. Twenty years ago the teacher was put off with dreary manuals on method, chapters of which would deal unintelligently with the keeping of registers, the making of a time-table, discipline, and punishment, the instruction in the three R's, and so on.

No wonder that the books on method were hated, and that the last infirmity of the trained teacher is interest in education. A trained Board School teacher, who is one of the most successful crammers for the County Council Scholarship Examinations, on being asked by the present writer why he did not teach a certain subject on intelligent lines, replied that he found that it paid him better—

his position depended on the number of pupils he passed—to do as he did, and that when he found the examiners setting intelligent questions he should alter his plan of campaign, but not before. Such a teacher is typical of a very large class.

In one department of our school-work there has been during the past decade an upward movement. The teaching of Froebel has been largely contributory to the establishment of kindergarten, with the result that the earliest years of childhood are spent happily, and if there is not much idea in the methods of work, the children at least thoroughly enjoy playing together, and in doing simple manual exercises. The National Froebel Union has been quietly supplying these infant schools with teachers who have some slight knowledge of Froebel's principles; and an even slighter knowledge of the ordinary school subjects; but, for all that, these teachers are all possessed with the idea that children ought not to be worried into doing things they do not like, and although there is room for improvement in all sorts of ways, yet such schools are a great gain on the dreary prison houses which not so very long ago our babies served in.

Since our teachers in both public and primary schools do not know their work half well enough, and since this inefficiency is to a great extent due to their lack of right training, it is worth while to consider what sort of training is likely to be most effective in helping us out of the educational mire in which we are sticking.

Before admission to a training college is given the candidate should show competency in some province of learning, so that once in the college he can devote his whole time to pedagogy. As there is quite a good number of text-books dealing with educational theories it will be superfluous for the professors in the college to lecture on these; the students will have their attention drawn to the best books on the subject, and when they have read certain indicated portions they will discuss the subject of their reading with each other and with the professor. Occasionally a single essay like Montaigne's on the constitution and education of children might be distributed to students with the request that they should write in the margins annotations and criticisms. Such an exercise would train them in careful and thoughtful reading, in discovering inconsistencies, in distinguishing between demonstration and opinion, in showing how dependent an author is on his age. As a great part of a schoolmaster's time is taken up in preventing misapprehension and in explaining difficulties it is essential that the student in training should be continually provoked to detect fallacies in reasoning to discuss them.

Two hours at least should be allotted each day to criticism lessons. The professor will, instead of lecturing on the teaching of geometry, say, teach it himself to a class of boys in the presence of the students. And if such lessons are to have worth they must be in courses; single specimen lessons are almost valueless. By such a course of lessons the students will learn how the facts of geometry may be found out by the students themselves, and how naturally one experiment in measuring and in calculation leads to another. After such a course the professor would invite criticisms and would himself ask questions: had they noticed any boys uninterested? what parts of the lesson seemed difficult, and why? in what respects had the lessons failed? and so on.

Other courses of lessons would be on French or German, history and literature, &c. Men who had made a special study of the best methods of teaching only would have access to the college. Every lesson would be followed by free discussion. Lessons also would be given, the object of which would be to test the principles of, say, Herbart's pedagogic psychology—such lectures would have to be preceded by talks on experimental psychology; on symptoms and causes of fatigue, on the way a child assimilates

new ideas, and on the value of manual exercises. How vivid would the work be in such an institution, how different from the dry-as-dust performances of the average lecturer in pedagogy. Each student would realise that it was his bounden duty to make some contribution, however, to the theory of education.

Another very important branch of the college work would be the examination and criticism of current school-books. A good text-book is invaluable; it should be nicely printed, pleasant to touch and sight, and its subject matter should be suggestive in treatment, natural in sequence, and should be constructed as far as possible with the idea of inducing thought rather than of imparting knowledge. The advantage of this preliminary study of what constitutes a good school-book as distinguished from an ordinary text-book would be enormous in view of the quantities of rubbish which are annually shot down into the class-rooms by the schoolmaster's orders.

On leaving the college the student would receive a certificate stating simply that he had been in training for two years. Three years later he should receive his diploma provided that he shows himself competent to think out and to teach a course of ten lessons in some subject of his own choosing. Five years later he should have the title of Doctor conferred upon him by a University should he desire it, if during that time he has done any original research work in pedagogic psychology, or has written a school-book or a thesis dealing with some subject of school interest, or, as fortunately all men do not take to writing, he should be permitted to qualify for his doctorate by giving a series of lessons to students in training. Some of the students at the expiration of their two years' training should be sent on travelling scholarships, and a few more should be taken on as assistants in a psychological laboratory, which is very much needed for the developing of our knowledge of the mechanism of a child's brain.

"And Now What Remaineth?"

WHAT becomes of one's schoolfellows, and what are their satisfactions in life? I met H—the other day, and we talked in the rapid groping way of boys meeting as men. He said he found little time to read, and I, who do little else, felt I was in like case. For between him who seldom opens a book, and him who seldom shuts one, no great gulf is fixed. The one reads little but with zest, the other reads much—without it. I wish to think nobly of even a reviewer's soul, but how often can he nourish it privately on books while his brain is a clearing-house of new publications, multitudinous, multi-various? I once found a bachelor merchant sitting stiff to his cloth-covered table, in a parlour in which not an object was displaced, steadily *mealing* it alone on a volume of Boswell's Johnson, and I have never forgotten it. The other day I was reading Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections"—did I say reading?—dipping like a speculative drake—and found the great London physician finishing his third reading of the *Odyssey*, and passing on to the "Wasps" of Aristophanes; transcribing, too, into a common-place book, already holding 2,000 extracts, some lines from the "Andromache" of Euripides. He read Latin and Greek authors on alternate days, were it but for ten minutes, and, carrying the classics with him in his carriage, found no difficulty in passing at once from the sorrows of Iphigenia to the ailments of Lady Vere de Vere, and from Horace and Lucretius to the men of wit or learning who were his patients. He remarks, with pleasing candour, that the life of a West-end physician abounds with cases which demand little thought or solicitude, and

are "best relieved by a frequent half-hour of genial conversation." How modestly he explains, almost excuses, his occupation with two poems on the dog—the *Cynegetica* of Grattius and Nemesianus—as "little excursions out of the common course" of other studies "illustrating agreeably the various phases of human life at successive periods." This is true reading, and such talk as Sir Henry Holland's to a patient of any sensibility to letters must have been a true literary propaganda. Withal, he inclined more and more to diminish the number of his books, "often summoning fire to my aid in the work." A righteous heretic, a sagacious vandal!

Talking to H—, my thoughts went back to our old playground on a Yorkshire slope, to the twin cupolas and the twin colonnades, and the cricket played between them with D.'s crewelled balls. (Where art thou, D—, lord of all crewellers? dost thou as easily make this stubborn world round and bounceable to thy wish?) My thoughts went back to the wagtails strutting on the wet asphalt, to the lavender corner in the garden, and the tumbled tan in the gymnasium; to the limpid W— bickering along the low meadows into the little wooded vale, our only Tempe; to Number Eleven, where tracing paper crinkled, and the recreative fret-saw snapped in an atmosphere heavy with French polish and artistic despair; to Number Twelve, where in their glass cases the Merganser sea-gulls, the cold trilobites, the models of hand-loom, the Leyden jars, and the natural products of British Honduras, filled me with a nameless gloom; to the essay society, whose minutes R— kept with the precision and dignity of a born secretary (transcending masters); to the fire-side of Number One where, with retorted hair and infuriate necktie, sat B—, throned in poetry, art, antiquity, and lampoonery—our only genius and master of the high-fantastic. To these my thoughts returned as we sat on that bank and shoal of time, with the traffic of the realised world without, and within a thousand threads of memory crying to be joined. Where are they—I wondered aloud—and what are their satisfactions in life?

Immersed in a profession which exacts much from eye and brain, H— told me that he had long taken up wood-carving as his home-staying and sufficient hobby. I could not remember that he had haunted Number Eleven, or the more sacrosanct "Workshop," but he had ever a neat wrist, and it seemed to me that his talk about carving and antique furniture was choice and fragrant. A man cannot carve without communion with artists and their dreams, and much that is lovely in shape and symbol, and "many a wov'n acanthus wreath divine" of poetry. So H— is safe. It would be interesting to know, not in a few cases, but a few hundreds, what final satisfaction of this sort has emerged from the old welter of beginnings, and has taken its place as the solace of life's crowded middle. It might be well if a great school took means to obtain this knowledge of its grown-up sons, in some way of exact inquiry and registry, so that the Schoolmaster on his Mount Horeb, watching the endless files enter the land to whose brink he has led them, might recover this fact with its value of response or surprise. Such inquiries should intercept no old scholar's career under the age of forty: at forty, he might be asked to state in discreet terms what is his abiding intellectual satisfaction. And if, as might often be the case, he traced its history back to the twin cupolas and the twin colonnades . . . the wagtails . . . the garden's beauty . . . the fret-saw . . . the trilobites . . . R—'s administrative talent . . . or B—'s lightnings of fancy, so much the more valuable his testament.

W. W.

A Forgotten Lesson-Book.

THE prevailing characteristic of childhood is a love of asking questions. You may call it a dawning spirit of inquiry, and encourage it; or you may call it plain inquisitiveness, and quench it; but it is always there, all the same, and the grown-up person who ignores it will never be a success in the nursery. Our grandparents were much too wise to ignore it; on the other hand, they had no intention of encouraging it. One can imagine the predicament in which the logical grown-up person of those days consequently found himself. The child that was to be seen and not heard was yet the child who had an insatiable desire to ask questions. But our grandparents, happily, did not bother about logic. So while they treated inquisitiveness with a stern hand, they made the school-room free of that treasury of inspired curiosity, "The Child's Guide to Knowledge."

Anything more practical than the contents of the small octavo volume, in its marbled cover, can rarely have existed. Yet it gave a pleasant filip to the imagination, for all that. No child with the smallest love of make-believe—and in those days when there was no organised make-believe in the education of children, the real thing had fair play—could have helped inventing things about the mysterious presence that pervaded the "Child's Guide." Other lesson-books of the period, it is true, were cast in the same mould of question and answer; but in most of them the questioner had a definite personality, which spoiled the illusion and left one nothing to invent. Mrs. Markham, for instance, presented a precise and definite picture of the motherly pedagogue; we should no more have thought of tampering with her ego, as it were, than we should have allowed our fancy to play with the personality of "Mary" or of "Richard," or of any other member of that exemplary family that made conversation so assiduously at the end of every chapter of history. But in the "Child's Guide," there was plenty of scope for imagination. We were told absolutely nothing about the wonderful "Guide," who asked questions without stopping for 460 pages, and then broke off as abruptly as he began. He was just "Q.," that was all we knew. But it was possible, if difficult, to invent the rest. I think it was the versatility of the fellow that perplexed us most. It was not easy to form a definite impression of any one who began by asking us the origin of the Universe, and ended by asking us the origin of the British lion as seen on copper coins. I remember the answer to that last question—you only got to it if you were a girl and had not been sent off to school by a cruel fate—and it ran as follows: "It was added afterwards, probably to denote the magnanimous character of her hardy sons." What this meant I am sure we never asked; but then, I doubt if anybody could have explained some of the "Guide's" magnificent remarks.

There were days when the pencilled piece we had to learn contained a glimmering of human feeling, that made us almost suspect "Q." of being one of those rare souls who understood us and our point of view. His definition of arithmetic went straight to our heart. "Arithmetic," he made us say, "was considered so complex in the time of the Saxons in England, that it was said to be a study too difficult for the mind of man." The italics, let it be added, were his, too; and they left us with the impression that the great "Q." had for once condescended to chuckle. But, on the very same page, we had to say that slates were used for "young persons to cipher on"; and the sudden change of mood was very depressing. As a rule, however, it must be owned that "Q.'s" chief grace in our sight was his amazing agility in skipping from one subject to another. "What is castor oil?" was followed immediately by "Where is Nubia?" and this in its turn led to "Which are the principal metals?" There was

never any danger of our growing bored with any one subject in the "Child's Guide." The useful information with which it was stocked was another recommendation in our eyes. Useful information always appeals to the healthy child, and any useful information that was not contained in the "Guide" was not worth bothering about. From india-rubber to cheese, from gloves to mahogany, from scissors to cats, it flitted inconsequently, questioning us untiringly and with an ingenuity that squeezed as much information into the question as into the answer. For instance, in referring to the leopard, "Q." almost forces the answer from us by the insinuating question: "Is it not a mark of the kindness of the Creator, that these savage beasts go in search of prey during the night?" After a suggestive question like that, anybody could have answered: "Yes; for in the day, when man is abroad, they usually sleep in their dens." There was no undue strain upon the child's brain, in those days. What we liked best of all, though, about "Q." was his way of putting the whole of the information into the question, as he sometimes did, so that we had only to answer "Yes" or "No." It was generally in religious matters that he did this, for which, with the natural shyness of childhood, we were grateful. "Should we not adore God for the kind provision and comfort He furnishes, in all countries, for His creatures?" was a question that required a simple answer in the affirmative. An allusion to Moses, too, was pleasantly intermingled with useful information, in a way that prevented the Biblical element from becoming uncomfortably prominent. "Who is said to have been exposed in a basket made of these rushes?" we were asked; and glibly we replied, "Moses; and the inhabitants even now weave them into cloth, mattresses, ropes, &c."

It need not be supposed, however, that "The Child's Guide to Knowledge" contained nothing but what was useful or informing. It had its lighter moments also, in which it told anecdotes that we loved to learn by heart, though I have no doubt that they lost some of their fire through being transmitted in the sing-song voice of lesson-time. "What great Emperor amused himself by making watches?" was a question to which we had to reply, "Charles the Fifth of Germany: he one day exclaimed, 'What an egregious fool must I have been, to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together.'" To us, as we look back, the "Guide" seems even funnier, perhaps, when its humour is unconscious, though that is a side of it that naturally escaped us in earlier days. Its indiscriminate use of adjectives is one of its chief charms, from this point of view. The answer to the question, "What bird furnishes the military plumes?" fairly bristles with adjectives. "That beautiful bird, the common cock of our farmyards," it runs; "the long streamy feathers of his neck and back, and the stiffer ones of his tail, are formed by industrious females into a variety of elegant shapes, according to regimental regulations."

This intense refinement of language sometimes has the rather unfortunate effect of obscuring the sense. I do not suppose we ever troubled in the schoolroom about the meaning of the answer to the inquiry, "How is eider down procured?" but to the maturer mind it is certainly a little cryptic: "They plunder the nests of these affectionate creatures, who pluck it from their own breasts to line them." After this, we are not sorry to find that ingenuity and elegance alike fail the resourceful "Q." on occasion, so that he is actually reduced to explaining iron as "a well-known metal," which seems to us a sorry way of begging the question, considering what we know he can do in the way of definition. But he is his own inconsequent self once more when, with his customary alertness, he flits from iron to elms, and describes that

"noble and majestic" tree as being used for "all purposes which are to bear the extremes of wet and dry; such as waterworks, mills, pipes, pumps, and coffins." And with this characteristic sentence we will leave the "Q." of our forgotten lesson-book, lest we may incur the reproach of being included among the "unfortunate writers" whom he describes on page 252 as being "often cruelly punished for merely expressing their opinion on divers matters."

EVELYN SHARP.

Reviews.

ARISTOTLE ON EDUCATION. By Prof. John Burnet. (Cambridge Press. 2s. 6d.)

THIS book does for Aristotle what Mr. Bosanquet's book in the same series did for Plato: it is a selection from the *Ethics* and *Politics* giving Aristotle's ideas on education. The idea of the general editor of this series of books for students in training colleges is, apparently, to furnish the young teacher with a set of volumes which shall make it easy for him to learn all the best which has been said on the practice of his profession. Prof. Burnet has supplied to his translation of the text a very carefully written commentary, and has added besides a short introduction and a concluding chapter "to guard the student against certain natural misunderstandings." The work of translating and annotating has been well done; but we do not gather from these pages that Prof. Burnet is specially fitted for this task other than by his learning, and by his very exhaustive knowledge of Aristotle's ethical discourses. This may seem hypercritical, but surely one may ask from a writer of text-books for teachers in training something besides the interpretative faculty which one acquires from a laborious and loving study of an author. One demands of an editor of such books, that he himself shall be an educationist. A teacher born, for instance, would not write "the Greek word originally meant 'sly' and was applied especially to foxes," without giving the Greek word; again, to what purpose is the student baulked of the Greek word in the note, "The word 'moral' is simply the English form of the medieval Latin rendering of the Aristotelian term signifying 'belonging to character,'" and so on—it would be easy to multiply instances. There is no force in the objection that the books are for English students; the Greek word could be slipped in for the reader to observe or neglect as he chose. "If we want a modern parallel, it would almost be fair to say that Aristotle suggests that such music as Wagner's may be tolerated as affording relaxation to the over-strained, but that, for the right enjoyment of leisure by the truly cultured, we require something of a more classical type." Do we understand Prof. Burnet to mean that Wagner's music is more artificial than Mozart's, or that Wagner is not a classic? It ought not to be necessary now that Wagner is so familiar to point out that Wagner's music-dramas are in every sense of the word philosophical works, and as such are educative, and need an alert trained mind to appreciate them at all adequately.

Prof. Burnet deserves our thanks for bringing into prominence in his notes that Aristotle's ideal educated man was one who could use to best advantage his leisure, or, stated paradoxically, that man is best educated who works hardest during his leisure. When Ruskin said that a school should be a place where leisure is well spent, he was no doubt paraphrasing Aristotle's famous definition. Admirable as this idea of education is, few educationists will admit that it does not need supplementing. A man may be thoroughly able to occupy his leisure intelligently without himself being of much use to the community in which he lives. It is important to distinguish between the learning which makes a man independent of insipid amusements and the education which makes a man an *active* force in ameliorating the conditions of communal life. The greatest condemnation of both Plato and Aristotle's ideals of what constituted the best system of education is that both their ideals could be realised in a State which rested on slavery. Prof. Burnet feels this objection, for in a note to Aristotle's statement that "only such knowledge as does not make the learner mechanical should enter into education," he writes: "It is just as well to be reminded that the conditions of life in a factory are not exactly favourable to the attainment of good for man." Precisely, and the fault of it is that we have learned too well the lessons which the Greeks have taught us, viz.,

that the many must wear their bodies into ugly shapes that the few may be free to waste their time as they desire. Both the modern State and the ancient rested on servile labour, and whether you call the instrument of that servility a slave or a workman is of small importance.

EDUCATIONAL OPINION FROM THE RENAISSANCE. By Prof. Laurie. (Cambridge University Press.)

ALTHOUGH Prof. Laurie does not state in so many words that these lectures—now collected as studies—were given to students quite unfamiliar with the writings, if not the names, of the men upon whom he discourses, yet we feel justified in inferring that such was the case from the preface and from occasional indications in the introduction. The object of the lectures seems to have been to cram into the students as much as possible of Prof. Laurie's opinions of the opinions of Rabelais, Ascham, Comenius, Milton, Locke, Spencer, and others. Of the writers just mentioned, the last comes off worst, for Spencer himself in the twenty-six pages allotted to him scarcely once succeeds in breaking the Professor's monologue. Would it not be better to substitute for these lectures the reading in class of some actual document, say Montaigne's letter on education to Lady Diana of Foix?

Why are lectures on education so dreary? Is it because every drop of life is squeezed out of them? At the end of his lecture on Spencer, Prof. Laurie says, to give only one head of his indictments: "I hope that these critical notes have made it clear that the Spencerian moral training would be exclusively negative and deterrent training and only incidentally and uncertainly secure the positive results at which the parent and teacher alike aim." To what end is this kind of talk? How does it help the teacher to think for himself? Wherein lies its educative value?

In the sketch of the Renaissance (1320-1600) we read: "I am well aware that a brief survey of a great and complex historical movement is, simply because it is inadequate, to that extent inaccurate, but it is necessary to an intelligent comprehension of education as affected by the Renaissance that some such survey should be given." If a survey of medieval education was necessary, why devote only seventeen pages to it? The survey he gives is not inaccurate because it is inadequate, but because to a student who is ignorant of the ideals of the middle ages such a survey is wholly useless, substituting for harmless ignorance a baneful knowledge. A single Canto of the *Paradiso* thoroughly known will give the student a more permanent possession of what inspired men in that remarkable time—the dark ages—thought, than any snippety survey, though it contains ten times as many words. The last infirmity of a lecturer on education should not be to make his pupils proficient in sciolism.

EDUCATIONAL WRITINGS OF RICHARD MULCASTER. By James Oliphant. (Maclehose.)

RICHARD MULCASTER was the first headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School, and served in it for over twenty-five years. Ten years after his resignation he was appointed in 1596 to the headmastership of St. Paul's, where he stayed until 1608, and retired at the age of seventy-six on a pension. He died in 1611 a very poor man. His two works on which his fame rests are "Positions," which appeared in 1581, and "First Part of Elementarie," in 1582, the completion of which was never accomplished. Neither of these works is easily accessible, for the facsimile edition of the "Positions" which Dr. Quick saw through the press in 1888, after it had been out of print for three hundred years, is too expensive, and the other has never been reprinted. Mr. Oliphant has confessedly tampered with his author's spelling, and corrected what he considered inelegancies in expression. His apology for thus treating the original is, that Mulcaster's book, unlike Ascham's "Scholemaster," is not a literary classic, and we are therefore presumably to infer that whilst a classic must be left intact, any outrage is pardonable on a non-literary work, provided the restorer is piously disposed towards the original. But seeing that Mr. Oliphant claims that Mulcaster excelled Ascham, Milton, Locke, Herbert Spencer, in his "insight into the realities of human nature" and in "an enlightened perception of the conditions that determine the culture of mind and soul," we cannot admit that Mr. Oliphant's reconstruction was necessary. If Mulcaster was a thinker, we ought jealously to preserve the words in which he expressed his thoughts. But granting that there is justification for this treatment so far as the author is concerned, is it fair to the reader to leave him without any clue by which he could disentangle the editor's work from the author's? Was it not possible to indicate the manner of selection adopted and to indicate in notes the variations from the original and the subject-matter at least of the omissions?

In conclusion, we must admit that Mr. Oliphant's critical estimate, pages 209-245, is well done, and the selections have been carefully made, and we hope that the editor may see his way later to bring out a carefully edited facsimile reprint of the "Elementarie."

CO-EDUCATION. Edited by Alice Woods. (Longmans. 3s. net.)

THIS volume is a collection of essays written in high commendation of educating boys and girls together. Mr. Sadler, who writes a short introduction, is alone in his doubts; whilst admitting that boys and girls may learn and play together up to the age of thirteen, he is inclined to think that after that age they should be taught apart. No attempt is made to discuss the advantages or disadvantages of throwing the Universities open to youths of both sexes. It is rightly considered sufficient to confine the discussion to co-education in secondary schools. Quite frankly each contributor records his experience of the system, and if it is felt that no one contributes an article from the "outside" who is not in the least interested in the success of any particular school, it must be remembered that excluding elementary schools there are only some thirty co-schools in England, and that therefore the outside disinterested critic is almost an impossibility, as he cannot have sufficient material on which to base a conclusion. Mr. Rice, formerly headmaster of the King Alfred School, is enthusiastic, writing: "We became more and more possessed with the delightful feeling that the monsters, which imagination had conjured up in the absence of actual experience, melted away into invisible vapour in the presence of the children; and when we saw instead the sunshine of a great happiness lighting up their faces, we could not help attributing a great share of this happiness and satisfaction to the interaction of the boy and girl nature in the social whole of school life." Mr. Cecil Grant is of opinion that "the monastic system in schools is the stronghold of immorality," and that one way of eliminating the prevalent evil of our public school system would be the introduction into them of schoolgirls. The English boy he considers idler than his European contemporaries, and if not more immoral, immoral enough to make a change in our system imperative. "Four years at Keswick," he writes, "have convinced me that difficulties which under the old system have proved insuperable, vanish under the magic influence of boy upon girl and girl upon boy; that the appeal to the religious motive becomes a possibility; that the schoolboy code, with its grievous limitations, losing its traditional surroundings, loses also its traditional sanction." Of one point no expert teacher can be in the least doubt—the gain to boys and girls of having both men and women to teach them. Of course, there are many parents in England who consider that a boy over seven should be taught exclusively by men, but this is a mere prejudice born of the fact that our public schools and universities are the exclusive appanage of males, and being a prejudice it can be effectively overcome by propagandist literature and the establishment all over the country of co-schools.

THE ELEMENTS OF GENERAL METHOD. By C. A. McMurry. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)

WE should advise the young teacher to skip, on the first reading, the first eighty pages of this book. By so doing he will begin to read where his own observation and experience will enable him to corroborate, discredit or justify the main arguments (chapters iii., iv., and v.), which treat of interest, correlation, and induction respectively in relation to educational theory. Chapters i. and ii., relating to the aims of education and the values of various studies, ought properly to come last, as they are by far the most difficult in the book and the least skillfully handled. It is surely something approaching a *suggestio falsi* to refer to moral culture as though the phrase had a definite meaning intelligible to all, whereas as soon as the child comes to adolescence he finds that it is just these questions of right and wrong about which men dispute, and leave undetermined. If it is objected that so far as children are concerned this difficulty of teaching morals is not felt, then we reply that reading, companionship, and environment may be left to make even a young child realise that if he lives in a community he must behave himself. The teacher who believes that characters can be shaped like clay on a potter's wheel is most certainly unfitted for his office.

Mr. McMurry quotes approvingly from Herbart these words: "The term 'virtue' expresses the whole purpose of education. Virtue is the idea of inner freedom which has developed into an abiding actuality in an individual. Whence, as inner freedom is a relation between insight and volition, a double task is at once set before the teacher. It becomes his business to make actual each of these two factors separately, in order that a later permanent relationship may result." This quotation, which Mr. McMurry leaves as though its meaning were perfectly simple, would form a

very good subject or series of subjects for a debating society, and we cannot but think that if such a society held half a dozen intelligent members, Mr. McMurry would be very much puzzled, at the end of the discussion, to state clearly the meaning of the terms inner freedom, insight and volition. There is much that is provocative of thought in the book, and, but for the early chapters where Herbart is felt most, the reader requires no preliminary training to understand its enunciation and illustration of simple psychological laws.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, ABRIDGED AND COMBINED. By D. H. N. Birt. (Bell. 5s.)

IT would be a good thing for teachers in Protestant Schools to keep Lingard's famous work by them for reference, or if that is not available the present abridgement of it. To the Catholic the religious revival of the sixteenth century was a Deformation rather than a Reformation, and Wycliffe instead of being the saint the Protestants think him for inaugurating that movement, is to the Catholic an insolent priest, who hurled invectives against the whole body of the clergy. Wherever Protestants and Catholics have been brought into conflict it is salutary for the sixth form boy to know what can be said by so able a writer as Lingard for the Catholic side of the question, and, therefore, we hope this volume will find a place in the school library.

A NEW STUDENTS' ATLAS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By Emil Reich. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

THIS admirable atlas is meant to be a cartographic complement to John Richard Green's "History of the English People." The maps are constructed on intelligent principles and are accompanied by full explanations. Mr. Reich has made much use of colour, and by indicating lines of march with dates written on them the pupil can check the account in his history, and thus add considerably to his enjoyment. Map 24, to take an instance, gives a cartographic history of the Civil War (1642-1645). The King's movements are in red and the Parliamentarian's in blue. From the map we see that the King sets out for Nottingham, pushes on to Shrewsbury, turns sharply to the south-east, and in about a month from starting arrives at Edgehill. Also Essex during the same time starts from Northampton, marches west to Worcester, and finding that the King has outflanked him is compelled to turn back and catch up with the Royalists at Edgehill. All this and much more is prettily and precisely indicated in the map, and all who know the interest boys take in following a campaign may infer how warm their welcome will be to such a book as this. The reference in the preface to Map 22 should be to Map 23.

Text Books, School Books, &c. English.

IN a former view of a season's product of educational works designed for schools we pointed out and welcomed the tendency to cut down the space devoted to notes and to concentrate attention on the clear presentment of the text. Schoolboys and schoolgirls have small appetite for notes, and such as are required beyond the most necessary elucidation should be supplied by a competent teacher. With this premise we make a selection from the various works that have accumulated since our last Education Supplement.

ROB ROY. A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. Edited by Arthur T. Flux. (Black. 2s. each.)

IN these two cloth-bound volumes Mr. Flux has observed a commendable reticence, realising that most boys and girls who care for reading will read a clearly-printed edition of Scott. He gives merely short introductions—just enough to excite the reader's interest in the historical side of the story, and adds a few notes on the phrases and allusions that might puzzle the novice.

CHAUCEER: THE PROLOGUE. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

CHAUCEER needs somewhat more elucidation than Scott, and Mr. Pollard supplies a well-written account of the poet, as well as copious and interesting notes with illustrations. He has mercifully marked off the more complex notes with brackets, over which the small boy is warned not to jump.

SCOTT'S "LORD OF THE ISLES," Canto II. COWPER'S "THE TASK." (Blackie. 2d.)

THESE are two of the little paper-covered volumes in Blackie's "English Classics," which are wonderfully cheap and efficient.

The notes form the skeleton battalion around which an intelligent teacher may build his forces of instruction.

ADONAIS. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Susan Cunningham. (The Norland Press. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is for the highest class of High School Girls, who want no verbal elucidation. The "study in detail" which follows the text of the elegy is full of suggestion, and is written with a sympathetic hand and a level head.

HENRY VII. TO ELIZABETH. By Frances Mary West. (Black. - 2s.)

THIS is the third volume of a series called "History in Biography," and embodies a very excellent idea. The youthful mind is always more attracted by persons than by tendencies; indeed it only reaches tendencies by way of personalities. The era which produced Cardinal Wolsey, Cranmer, Sir Thomas More, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, to say nothing of Shakespeare and Spenser, is the most stirring in English History, and the writer has set forth the biographies simply and strikingly, with pictures and portraits.

A FIRST COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Richard Wilson. (Arnold. 1s.)

ONE might easily go too far in such an enterprise. Mr. Wilson has wisely confined himself to about fifty great writers, and tried to tell in a straightforward way what each of them wrote and what it was about. The little volume of less than 150 pages is designed for middle form pupils in secondary schools and upper standard pupils in primary schools.

ON THE SHORES OF THE GREAT SEA. THE DISCOVERY OF NEW WORLDS. THE AWAKENING OF EUROPE. By M. B. Syngé. (Blackwood.)

HERE we have three of the five small volumes which are to tell the "Story of the World." In the compass of two hundred pages of generous type—even when they are multiplied by five—it is hardly possible to cover such a subject. But the author has a pleasant style, and the volumes should be useful to the teacher who wants to give his class some notion of the continuity of history.

A PRIMER OF HISTORICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Bertha M. Skeat. (Blackie. 8s. 6d.)

A CLEAR and concise little summary of philology, so far as it applies to the English language. It describes where the English language came from, the growth of the vocabulary, with its various borrowings, vowel and consonantal changes, and so forth. And it is well adapted for the London matriculation students who want to find a deal of information in a small pigeon-hole.

MACBETH. Edited by Fanny Johnson. (Blackwood. 1s.)

THIS is a volume of the "School Shakespeare" series, edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson. It opens with an excellent sketch of the story of the play; but the notes at the end contain many superfluities. "Beelzebub. The name of a devil," is for example a note which says too much or too little.

SCOTT'S "LADY OF THE LAKE." Edited by L. Dupont Syle. (Heath. 1s. 6d.)

AMONG the best of the many series of "English Classics" designed for youthful study. The editor has refrained from all but the most necessary notes; and he has provided a double-page map of the scene of the "Lady of the Lake."

THE HEROES. By Charles Kingsley, with Notes by E. H. Blakeney. (Blackie.)

NOTES to Kingsley's "Heroes"! In boyhood we read the stories without any conscious need of elucidation; nor, if we had stumbled, should we have been helped by the Greek quotations that Mr. Blakeney provides. The stories were written for the small people who do not know Greek yet; those who know it are in no need of the classical tags with which Mr. Blakeney seeks to illuminate them. The simplicity of Kingsley's "Heroes" speaks for itself.

DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES: EUROPE. By F. D. and A. J. Herbertson. (Black. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is, we think, a new idea in the teaching of geography, and it is a very good one. The editors have gone through Europe and through English literature, and have drawn on all manner of writers for descriptions of countries, cities, rivers, and islands. It is a thoroughly picturesque geography book. For example, the fair at Nijni Novgorod is described by Lawrence Oliphant, while Mr. Herbert Vivian is drawn upon for Belgrade. To a boy geography only becomes interesting when it means going to a place.

PRÉCIS WRITING. By H. Latter. (Blackie. 3s. 6d.)

MAINLY intended for candidates for the Army and the Civil Service, who are expected to show some proficiency in tearing the heart out of a series of reports from various sources and setting out the main story in chronological order. Mr. Latter gives excellent advice to the examinee, and proceeds with examples from Government correspondence which he underlines, marks, balances, and condenses in the approved style.

THE STORY OF ROME. By George Willis Botsford and Lillie Shaw Botsford. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

THIS is an attempt to piece together the history of Rome from its earliest days to those of Marcus Aurelius by extracts from original authorities. The quotations have been so interwoven as to form a continuous story. Biography is the note of the book, and the side references put the reader at once in touch with the original authorities. An interesting and stimulating work, very helpful to the young reader who wants to know the source of the history which he is expected to remember.

A TEXT BOOK OF APPLIED ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Edwin Herbert Lewis. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

THIS does not deal with the structure of the language, but with its application. The author gathers together the various difficulties which the half-educated youth encounters as between "sit" and "set," and puts him right. He even tackles with some success the difference between "shall" and "will," and points the shade of distinction between "she looks sweet" and "she looks sweetly."

HOW TO BECOME A PRIVATE SECRETARY. By Arthur Sheppard. (Fisher Unwin. 1s.)

AMONG text-books this may be included. It is written by the Archbishop of Canterbury's private secretary, and is a useful guide to a somewhat indefinite profession. We are given useful hints as to dealing with correspondence and keeping domestic and private accounts. And when a man has all the requisites for a private secretary we are reminded that there is one thing needful—the lack of self-assertiveness.

Latin and Greek.

THE GALLIC WAR. Book vii. By J. Brown. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

IF Caesar must be read, Book vii. is in our opinion by far the most interesting part of his Commentaries, for it tells the story of Vercingetorix, one of the world's great guerilla war generals. The book closes with the surrender of Vercingetorix at Alesia, but it does not tell how Caesar the conqueror had his noble foe put to death after his triumph in the year 45, and perhaps it is as well.

LIVY. Book xxii. By G. S. Loane. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

IF we except the Books i. and ii. of "Livy" which Mr. Ruskin recommended everyone to read who would understand the domestic, social, and religious ideals of early Rome, there can be no doubt that the story of the Punic Wars given in the later books is the most interesting portion of his work from the schoolboy's point of view, for Hannibal has a deeper hold of his affections than either Caesar or Wellington. Mr. Loane's work as commentator is evidently a labour of love; he writes with enthusiasm of Livy's style, and it is certain that if the style were all and the readers only schoolboys, then Dumas and Livy would be the world's greatest writers of fiction.

PLINY (THE YOUNGER), SELECTED LETTERS. By Prof. E. T. Merrill. (Macmillan.)

THERE are about a hundred letters in this selection to which very full notes are added. The text has been subjected to very careful recension, and chief variants are added at the foot of each page. Altogether a good deal of higher learning has been necessary to make this book, and students interested in Pliny the Younger will not be able to dispense with Prof. Merrill's assistance.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Book xviii. By A. Platt. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)

IT was said by a famous commentator that to understand Dante needed great wit rather than great learning, and in reviewing new editions of fragments of a classic one naturally looks for freshness in treatment and in the illustrations rather than in interpretation of the text. The new element in this book is that the grammar of the dialect is learned bit by bit, fifty lines of text at a time. By this device the boy passes straight from the Attic forms of his grammar to the Homeric dialect. Mr. Platt remembers that the object of reading the Iliad is to enjoy the story, and if a boy is forbidden to read it

until after he has mastered the Homeric dialect, well, if he comes to hate Homer, whose is the fault? The book is defective in one particular: the illustrations are without a commentary.

ILLUSTRATION OF SCHOOL CLASSICS, ARRANGED AND DESCRIBED. By G. F. Hill. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

THE preface informs us that practically all the illustrations collected in this volume have appeared in various volumes of Macmillan's "Elementary Classics." The book is most useful for reference, as it contains maps, plans, a bibliography of thirteen pages, and an index.

XENOPHON'S ANABASIS IV. By G. H. Nall. (Blackie. 2s.)

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THIS book runs to 351 pages, and as accidence only is dealt with, it may serve to give some idea of the thoroughness with which the work has been done. It is far too elaborate for school use, but teachers of classics will be glad of it for reference, as the dialectical forms are treated with fair fulness, and the catalogue of verbs covers over fifty pages.

HISTORY OF GREECE FOR BEGINNERS. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

PROF. BURY has had this abridgement made from his larger work. It is well illustrated, and is clearly intended by the manner of the writing for the sixth-form boy.

French.

EXERCISES ON THE FRENCH SUBJUNCTIVE. By E. Weekley. (Blackie. 2s.)

THIS little book contains a great number of sentences, taken from modern writers, illustrative of the use of the subjunctive. For an Englishman to use the subjunctive correctly by taking thought requires an intellect of unusual subtlety. Mr. Weekley is hopeful that these exercises worked with the French proses might help the English boy to avoid stumbling. How many boys are there who know exactly the difference of import in these two sentences?

Il est vrai que j'ai enlevé à ce vieillard sa fille ;
and

Que j'aie enlevé à ce vieillard sa fille c'est vrai.

THE author, instead of loading the pupils' minds with rules, endeavours to make him see that the French like the Latins distinguish in their constructions between fact and not-fact or concept. This single principle understood and remembered will make many rough places in French syntax plain. In the second example just quoted, the French accurately regard the first part of the clause as not-fact, or rather it is not known whether it is a fact until the end of the sentence.

THE French subjunctive is full of difficulties to the English boy because, practically, in his own language its use is obsolete. We are sorry that the explanatory matter is not in French: our conviction being that every possible pretext should be seized for teaching French in French.

A PRIMER OF OLD FRENCH. By Clarke and Murray. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

THE idea of this book is, so far as we know, original, viz., the teaching of old French by giving a modern French version opposite each selection. Notes on the grammatical forms should have been inserted at the bottom of the page. The selections, too, might have been more interesting in themselves, as this book is only a primer, and the idea of a primer is to coax the learner to continue what is there initiated.

THE idea of the book, as we said just now, is good, but it has been somewhat perfunctorily carried out. On these lines we are convinced a thoroughly good and interesting text-book might be constructed.

AN OUTLINE OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By D. T. Holmes. (Holden.)

THIS outline is founded on the *Littérature Française* of Prof. Meunier, and the abridgement seems to have been well done.

THE TEACHING OF LANGUAGES IN SCHOOLS (1888). By W. H. Widgery. (Nutt. 1s. net.)

ALTHOUGH this pamphlet appeared so long as fifteen years ago, it reads quite fresh to-day, and the author's sister was well advised in re-printing it. Widgery was not only a remarkable linguist, but a teacher and a thinker, and many teachers will like to have this essay by them for the revelation it gives of the writer's mind and temperament.

DICTIONARY—FRENCH-ENGLISH; ENGLISH-FRENCH. By L. Tolhouseir and G. Payn. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)

A REVISED and enlarged edition of Messrs. James and Molé's Dictionary.

AS the width of the book is two and a half inches, and the first part is used in schools much more than the second part, we should like to see it published in two volumes. Whilst the revisers were about it they might have brought phonetics up to date by the adoption of the international script. Every dictionary maker seems to imagine that it is his duty to invent a fresh phonetic notation, and the result is that symbols only very approximately represent all the sounds.

Science.

Geometry.

PRACTICAL PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY FOR ELEMENTARY STUDENTS. By Joseph Harrison. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

A JUNIOR GEOMETRY. By Noel S. Lydon. (Methuen. 2s.)

PLANE GEOMETRY ADAPTED TO HEURISTIC METHODS OF TEACHING. By T. Petch. (Arnold. 1s. 6d.)

THE ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY. By R. Lachlan and W. C. Fletcher. (Arnold. 2s. 6d.)

A COURSE OF PURE GEOMETRY. By E. H. Askwith. (Cambridge University Press.)

SOLID GEOMETRY. By Franz Hoyer. Translated and adapted by C. Godfrey and E. A. Price. (Black. 1s. 6d.)

THE methods of mathematical teaching in our schools and the objects of such instruction have undergone much modification during recent years. Though indications of the coming change were visible a much longer time ago, the reform movement may be said to have begun to assume a definite form at the meeting of the British Association held at Glasgow in 1901, when there was an important discussion on the teaching of mathematics, at a joint meeting of the sections concerned with mathematics and educational science. The outcome of the debate was the appointment of a committee to report upon mathematical teaching in schools, and the means likely to effect improvements in it. Inspired by this action, the Mathematical Association appointed a committee of practical teachers to consider the position of the subject. Both committees presented reports in which it was urged that practical work with simple mathematical instruments should precede any course of formal geometry, and that it was undesirable to retain Euclid as the only standard authority on the subject.

THE recommendations of so authoritative a body of mathematicians as either the Committee of the British Association or of the Mathematical Association were bound to have great weight with examining bodies, whose requirements, after all, exert the determining influence on school procedure in this country. It is consequently not surprising to find that for many examinations of importance completely new syllabuses in mathematics have either already been published or are shortly to be introduced. The Universities of Cambridge, London, and Oxford have adopted many of the recommendations of the British or Mathematical Associations, and as a direct consequence, the procedure of the schoolmaster is being profoundly modified.

NO more sensitive indication of the changes which are taking place in school methods can be found than the character of the school books issued by publishers. The batch of books the titles of which are given above, affords an excellent example of the intimate connection between the school's demand and the publisher's supply. Indeed, in more than one instance there has

been too great a desire to be first to satisfy the new need, with the result than even while the books were passing through the press the conditions have been greatly changed. This point is of sufficient importance to demand a word of explanation. One of the obstacles to the supersession of Euclid in geometrical teaching has been the absence of a recognised sequence in the theorems to be studied by boys and girls, and the consequent danger of a want of uniformity in the work of the public examining bodies and of the schools. This difficulty has been surmounted by the publication by the University of Cambridge of a course of geometry for schools in which a logical order of work is laid down, and it is greatly to be desired that this order may become the recognised substitute for Euclid's "Elements." If, however, the course of theorems put forward by the Cambridge Syndicate is generally accepted, some of the books before us will be of little use to pupils preparing for public examinations.

All mathematical authorities are agreed that the study of demonstrative geometry should be preceded by simple work of a practical kind so arranged that the student may, by what he actually does himself, become familiar with geometrical definitions and simple geometrical concepts. Mr. Harrison recognises this fact, and in his book is to be found an excellent course of practical work capable of being performed by a student having no knowledge of Euclid's geometry, and ably designed to equip the learner with just that preliminary knowledge which will make his later mathematical studies simple and intelligible. Mr. Lydon attempts to do more than supply practical exercises. His book is intended to correlate practical and theoretical geometry, and there are to be found in it alternate groups of problems to be worked and theorems to be studied. The subject matter of Euclid's first six books is drawn upon, and there is little doubt that an intelligent pupil working through the book would obtain a good idea of the fundamental principles of the subject.

Mr. Petch is more ambitious. He claims not only to teach elementary geometry, but to teach it by heuristic methods. Now, heuristic and didactic methods of teaching are diametrically opposite; on the former plan the pupil discovers everything for himself, on the latter system he is told the facts by his teacher. Judging by his book and disregarding his title page, Mr. Petch is an exponent of didacticism pure and simple. All the same, his little book is a clearly expressed account of geometrical figures, parallels, circles, areas, and proportional lines.

The book prepared by Messrs. Lachlan and Fletcher provides evidence on every page that the authors are practical and experienced teachers. It supplies formal proofs of the important theorems of plane geometry arranged in a logical order and written in such a way that the student will understand the demonstrations. It is unfortunate that the volume was published before the report of the Cambridge Syndicate became available, since it is important that some definite enunciation and order of theorems should be generally adopted, and the course approved by the Cambridge University is most likely to be accepted by examiners and teachers of demonstrative geometry.

Dr. Askwith's volume is intended for pupils who have mastered the contents of books like those already noticed, and will serve to prepare those who intend to study more deeply the subject of pure geometry. Dr. Askwith writes clearly and authoritatively.

The adoption of improved methods of teaching geometry in schools will shorten the time necessary for the acquisition of fundamental ideas, and more time will be available for the study of other interesting mathematical subjects. Dr. Hcevar's little book, which has been translated by two of the assistant masters of Winchester College, will prove useful in this connection, and may be recommended as a substitute for the eleventh book of Euclid.

Arithmetic and Algebra.

- TECHNICAL ARITHMETIC AND GEOMETRY. By C. T. Millis. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)
- SHORT CUTS AND BY-WAYS IN ARITHMETIC. By Cecil Burch. (Blackie. 2s.)
- A COMPLETE SHORT COURSE OF ARITHMETIC. By A. E. Layng. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)
- ALGEBRA. Part II. By E. M. Langley and S. R. N. Bradley. (Murray. 2s.)
- BEGINNERS' ALGEBRA. By M. S. David. (Black. 2s. 6d.)
- ELEMENTARY GRAPHIS. By R. B. Morgan. (Blackie. 1s. 6d.)
- Recent improvements in mathematical teaching are not confined to geometry. There is also a growing disposition to teach arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and elementary trigonometry, rather as closely related parts of one subject than as branches of

education divided from one another by sharply drawn lines. In addition to this, teachers are learning to regard mathematics as an instrument of great value to all who will be engaged later in any one of the constructive arts, and to take means as soon as possible to train their students how to apply mathematical methods to practical problems of everyday occurrence in the workshop and drawing office. It is this fact which accounts for the term "practical mathematics" which now finds a place in the regulations of the Board of Education, but was rarely used a few years ago.

In writing his book Mr. Millis has had in mind the wants of the young workmen and others who attend technical institutes and wish to become familiar with mathematics as a means of solving difficulties met with in their daily work. He disregards academic methods of solution, and endeavours where possible to select his examples from real problems, and he rightly makes no attempt to separate his arithmetical exercises from the sections dealing with geometry. It is a pity the type of his book is so small, and that so little pains have been taken to arrange the text attractively. The appearance of a book has more influence on the way the technical student regards his study than some teachers are disposed to think.

The two little books by Messrs. Burch and Layng show very clearly the change which has taken place recently in school arithmetic. The old formal methods which regarded accuracy and the manipulation of ill-understood rules as the end of arithmetic are obsolescent, and in their place are being introduced rapid, contracted methods designed to obtain a result accurate only so far as the conditions of the problem under consideration are concerned. From the beginning the pupil is taught to regard computation as a process closely related to the affairs of the market-place.

Mr. Burch in his volume also succeeds in making the study of numbers as interesting to schoolboys as the puzzles with which they occupy their leisure hours: he has taken to heart Herbart's dictum "to be wearisome is the cardinal sin of instruction." Mr. Layng has, we think, made a mistake in bothering about recurring decimals and cube root; these are not matters for young people. The publishers of his book, too, should have paid more attention to the eyesight of the children who will learn arithmetic from its pages; the type is much too small and crowded.

Both the books on algebra are attractively produced: the type and arrangement are all that could be desired. Messrs. Langley and Bradley too frequently refer readers to other books for the method of solution of some of the exercises they include in their work. If it were worth while to give a set of numbers the cube root of which is to be extracted by Horner's method, some explanation of the process should have been given; schoolboys do not as a rule possess a reference library. It may also be pointed out that it is a better plan to apply graphical methods to the solution of algebraic problems as they occur throughout the book than to be content with a short chapter on graphs.

Practical teachers know the desirability of enlisting as many faculties as possible in the work of instructing children, and it is in this direction that graphical methods are so valuable in mathematical teaching, for the learner sees, as well as hears, the truth he has to assimilate. Mr. Morgan's book will serve to bring before inexperienced teachers the nature of the graphical processes the reformers wish to become common in all schools. Mr. Morgan is evidently familiar with other books in which graphs are employed, for we recognise some of his examples as variations of graphical exercises occurring in other volumes which have come before us.

Physical Science.

- PAPERS ON MECHANICAL AND PHYSICAL SUBJECTS. Volume III. THE SUB-MECHANICS OF THE UNIVERSE. By Osborne Reynolds. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)
- THE STELLAR HEAVENS. An Introduction to the Study of the Stars and Nebulae. By J. Eillard Gore. (Chatto and Windus.)
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- PROF. REYNOLDS is one of the masters in the world of science, and his volume shows us science in the making. The volume is for the few; it will be fully understood only by those who have an

intimate knowledge of mathematics and physics. No attempt can be made in this place fully to set forth the argument advanced by Prof. Reynolds. It must suffice to say that according to this theory of the Universe the ether is built up of rigid spheres, equal in size and of almost infinite smallness; these spherical grains are arranged in the closest regular order, and are to be thought of as subjected to great pressure. The action of the ether depends upon what takes place when the medium is under strain. The phenomena associated with matter are explained as the result of a certain deficiency of the grains which give rise to forces in the ubiquitous medium. For a more popular account of the theory we are able to refer the reader to the Rede lecture delivered by Prof. Reynolds in June of last year, and since separately published.

The amateur astronomer who possesses a small telescope which he knows how to use will find Mr. Gore's book profitable and interesting reading. Stellar astronomy has grown very much in recent years, and the observer who wishes to possess concise notes on the characteristics of the chief objects in the sidereal universe and the views of astronomers concerning them will obtain great assistance from this small volume.

Dr. Kerr is already known as a practical teacher who has written a successful introduction to practical physics. With the assistance of Mr. Brown he has here continued that course to supply suitable experiments for the student who intends to pursue the subject for a second year. A doubt may be expressed as to the wisdom of including so many theoretical considerations in a laboratory manual, and it seems a pity that no exercises in electrical science are included.

Messrs. Scholle and Smith's introduction to phonetics illustrates how one department of knowledge graduates into another, and how impossible it is to study any branch of learning successfully without some knowledge of others. The teacher of modern languages at the present day must acquaint himself with phonetics, and this is rightly regarded as a practical application of the science of acoustics. The authors use the phonetic transcript of the Association Phonétique Internationale and have modelled their sound charts on those of Prof. Vietor. Every teacher of modern languages can learn something from this volume.

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ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

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The Craft of Writing.

IN a re-issue of certain hitherto uncollected articles by the late Sir Walter Besant, under the title "Essays and Historiettes" (Chatto), we find three papers dealing more or less with literature as a profession. These papers, as the preface tells us, "show Sir Walter Besant's absorbing interest in the craft of writing, and his jealousy for the status of the man of letters." Sir Walter Besant was a fighter, and these articles exhibit him as a fighter. He believed absolutely in the position which he took up, and he defended that position against all comers with infinite zest and uncompromising pertinacity. With much that he had to say we entirely agree, but there are certain aspects of his position which appear to us to make not so much for the true dignity of letters as for their belittlement. In his eagerness to secure "official recognition" for literature the author seemed sometimes to forget that literature, in England at any rate, has never desired "official recognition." It has had a strength and a status that placed it outside the category of the professions to which "official recognition" comes as a crown and a consummation.

It is sometimes difficult to understand how Sir Walter Besant arrived at his conclusions. He was always, of course, attacking publishers as a class, and laying to their charge the helplessness of authors. He repeated again and again that both the publishers and literary papers conspired to keep the author in ignorance, and he draws an affecting picture of the poor author who is supposed to live on the "generosity" of his publishers. But the word was Sir Walter's own, and most authors would very properly resent it. He asked indignantly:—

In what other line of intellectual work would a man submit without indignation to be considered a workman without rights, a mendicant, a helpless dependent, the mere recipient of bounty and charity? Can one figure the physician standing hat in hand before his patient—"Oh, sir, this is too much! You are indeed generous! Heaven itself will bless—Another shilling? The starting tear betrays the grateful heart." Or a barrister? Or a solicitor? Or a clergyman? It is ridiculous. Yet this is supposed to be the attitude of the man of letters. . . .

Ridiculous indeed! But by whom is this supposed to be the attitude of the man of letters? Personally we have not the least idea.

The discouragements of the literary life, as set forth by Sir Walter Besant, are indeed terrifying. Everything is at sixes and sevens—agreements, accounts, the very basis of property. Also the contempt of letters in Great Britain "exists deep down in the national heart—not contempt for the work, understand; if that were so, then, indeed,

of all mankind we should be the most miserable. The contempt is for the men who produce that work." Does that contempt exist? We doubt it. At any rate, men of letters manage to hold up their heads, even if they cannot manage to hold up their own affairs, as Sir Walter so confidently asserted. All this was to be cured by a central managing society, a Society of Authors: out of chaos was to come serenity and cheques, respect and "official recognition." Our faith in societies is not equal to so heroic a strain. And the profession of letters is not one profession, but many; it can never be treated as one and indivisible. The literary man may be unbusinesslike, but our experience of him does not jump with the phantom Sir Walter Besant conjured up. And when it comes to "official recognition"—well, what does it matter? Sir Walter was deeply hurt because letters were not "officially" represented at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Again, does it matter? We are convinced that all this fuss and pother, well-intentioned as it was, did nothing for the dignity which it asserted. Literature can get along very well without "official recognition"; it aims at something more enduring, something more vital. Let us take another of Sir Walter Besant's assertions. He wrote: "The first, the essential encouragement to any profession, that it should be independent of the employer—as the physician, the barrister, the solicitor, the beneficed clergyman, is independent—is wanting in the literary life." But is the physician, the barrister, the solicitor (we will omit the beneficed clergyman), independent of the employer? Of course not. The physician is employed by the patient, the solicitor by the client, the barrister by the solicitor. Every man, in fact, who works for a living is in the strictest sense employed by somebody or another, so that when Sir Walter Besant said that by conferring this independence on the author "we shall render to literature a greater service than has ever yet been dreamed of or attempted, a service which shall at once raise the author to the same level as the lawyer and the physician," he was, in fact, talking nonsense. All professions are dependent, but literature of its very essence is the least dependent of all.

From the discouragements which he set forth at such length Sir Walter Besant turned to the encouragements, and the prime encouragement to the born writer is that writing is to him "the breath of his life." That is true, so true that it hardly needed saying. And the next encouragement is "the honour of success." True again, but it might be pushed too far. Success, of course, breeds admiration, and admiration, as often as not, reacts quite disastrously on the individual. For the rarest things in literature are sanity, balance, proportion. The small talent is particularly open to the sinister blight of ill-considered admiration; it loses the curative sense of its limitations and aspires to scale heights which may only be captured by prayer and fasting. The history of letters during the past generation is full of instructive modern instances.

We are not concerned here to discuss in detail any general scheme for the forcing of that recognition of letters which Sir Walter Besant so earnestly desired and so strenuously advocated. Our own belief is that literature may very well be content with its legitimate rewards, and those rewards are given neither grudgingly nor unkindly. Literature, indeed, should be an end in itself. There are a dozen forms of writing which make no pretence at being literature; they are good in their place, they serve their turn, and they pass. But literature does not need to scramble in the market-place for honour, nor should it concern itself with "official recognition." It occupies too wide a field, holds too secure a position, to care for these things. It deals with the whole of life, not with a corner of it, and it should be, and indeed is, content with the whole of life. And there always remains with it the joy of the craft, the delight of the artist in

the cunning employment of his means. As Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote in a recent book of verse:—

— A line will take us hours maybe,
Yet if it does not seem an hour's thought
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrow bones
And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones
Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather;
For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world!

Literature, perhaps more than any other form of art, is its own reward, and not all the "official recognition" in the world would add a touch to its dignity or a feather to its weight.

We are apt, no doubt, to forget the universality of literature, and to accept it with as little thought as the air we breathe, and Sir Walter Besant, doubtless, did well to insist that the craft was worthy. It is possible even that his advocacy may have awakened some people to the fact for the first time. He also, doubtless, did well in teaching a few authors that they might, by extreme diligence, get better terms out of their publishers. But his plea for "official recognition" strikes us as wholly unnecessary. The craft could get along very well even if it went unrepresented at a score of jubilees.

The Poets' Poet.

It is undeniable that Spenser at times spells words to fit his rhyme. So your popular editor will inform his readers that the poet does this whenever it fits the measure of his line; and that therefore "bound" is bond, "vile" is vilde, "cast" kest, "captain" capitain, "enchantress" enchanteress, &c. That the bulk of his examples are not arbitrary spellings, but the original forms of more modernised words, one must not perhaps expect him to know. So is kept up the legend of Spenser's irresponsible waywardness, and readers are taught to allow for him as for a clever child, or an Italian primitive painter.

The archaic language and perverted spelling, even more than the redoubtable allegory, are the bugbear which frights off readers from Spenser. But if (as is necessary for popular consumption, vandalism though it be to the literary student) the spelling be modernised wherever it is needless for rhyme or metre, there remains nothing really to baffle a child. And the archaism of the language is over-estimated. Line follows line often, without a phrase to stagger a modern, much less a Shakespearean reader. When archaisms come (and, of course, they are numerous) an intelligent reader can frequently conjecture their meaning from the context. There is nothing truly to stay the reading of Spenser but the lack of interest in poetry.

That is the trouble. Here is a poet who is just poetry, and the stuff of poetry; whose narrative—a mere vehicle for his ideas—is a tissue of romantic fancy, careless of manners or character, of interest epic or dramatic. He has been the beloved of poets, and little of that vague entity, the "general reader." Shakespeare had read him much: Milton called him master; he made Cowley a poet two hundred years ago, Keats a poet the other day, and who shall say how many in the illustrious line between? Raleigh and Sidney were his lovers in life; for they also were poets. Raleigh might hail in him a double kinship, as poet and explorer. Was not Spenser indeed a great explorer, among the greatest in that age of adventure, when a man got up in the morning and said, "I have an idea. If you have nothing better to do, let us go

continent-hunting." And he that had not found an island or so was accounted a fellow of no spirit. Well, Spenser for his share had rediscovered Poetry; or, at least, made Poetry possible. It is among the strangest of strange things that the early sixteenth century should have lisped and stammered where the fourteenth had sung with full mouth; that where the middle ages had led with Chaucer, it should follow with Skelton; that Surrey, Wyatt, and Spenser's immediate forerunners should doubtfully experiment in an art of which Chaucer had been consummate master. The tongue of Chaucer was changed; the methods of Chaucer held good. Yet the poets were a people of a stammering tongue; their art had gone back to infancy; and things were at such a pass that the egregious Harvey was for setting the English Muses to their "Gradus ad Parnassum," and the penning (singing were a misnomer) of obscene horrors, styled hexameters, elegiacs, and the like. Then came Spenser, and found again that land of Poetry, more golden than any El Dorado towards which Raleigh ever set his bold-questing keel. He joined hands with Chaucer across the years: even the metre of his earlier poems is Chaucer's. A swarm of adventurers followed their Columbus; and English poetry was.

For all which, outside the poets, he got little more recognition than he gets now. To a cultured Queen and her Court he cried, in new and unmatched verse, that—

Fame with golden wing aloft doth fly
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky
Admired of base-born men from far away:
Then he that will by virtuous deeds essay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And by sweet poets' verse be glorified.

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could save the son of Thetis from to die;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses dipt in dew of Castaly:
Which made the Eastern Conqueror to cry—
"O fortunate young man, whose virtue found
So rare a trump, thy noble acts to sound!"

What deaf adder could withstand such charming? "With verses dipt in dew of Castaly"—can you not hear the delicate dewy drip of that exquisitely musical line?

Provide, therefore, ye Princes, while ye may,
That of the Muses ye may honoured be,

exhorted the poet in logical conclusion: and the Princes "provided"—on the cheap. The Cecils and Elizabeths rated their "immortality" a good deal below the pay of a foreign spy.

"Greatest Gloriane," like a many be-rhymed ladies, probably yawned over her "Faëry Queen," and one may be sure never got to the end of it. It would be curious to inquire how many lovers of poetry have read through it or "The Excursion." The "Faëry Queen" is in truth a poem that no man can read through save as a duty, and in a series of arduous campaigns (so to speak). The later books of it steadily fail in power; but that is not all. The Spenserian stanza, beautiful for a time, in the course of four hundred or so pages becomes a very wearisome and cumbrous narrative form. The repetition of it grows monotonous; it fatigues by the perpetual discontinuity. Spenser himself seems to find it sometimes cumbrous, in the end. You have occasional lines like—

Until they both do hear what she to them will say.

No, the "Faëry Queen" must not be read on end; it is a poem to loaf over and dip into. It is, indeed, as much a series of poems as the "Idylls of the King." It is not a great poem as its model, Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," is a great poem; for Spenser has planned on a scale beyond his physical power of endurance, and its completion would have been only so much superfluous evidence of the fact.

Its waning power was not caused by waning genius; for in the same year with the latest books he published his magnificent lyrical poems. But if not a great poem it is great poetry; nay, we might say it contains great poems.

The obvious qualities of it and its author are grown mere truisms. He is princely in fancy rather than imagination. His gift of vision (in a specialised sense of the word) is unapproached. Everyone has remarked upon that faculty of seeing visions, and presenting them as before the bodily eye: the "Faëry Queen" is a gallery hung with the rarest tapestries, an endless procession of dream-pictures. There is no emotion, save the emotion of beauty. Yet incidentally, like the exclamations of a dreaming man, he will utter brief passages of tenderest pathos, or exultant joy:—

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness.

The mournful sweetness of those lines is insurpassable; and they are quintessential Spenser. Yet it is unluckily characteristic of him, too, that he mars half the effect of this perfect passage by not stopping with its completion, but following it with a line which makes an anti-climax, and is too manifestly inserted for rhyme's sake—

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.

One might almost take that little passage as a text for one's whole disquisition on Spenser. For after all, it is not in the richly luxuriant descriptive embroidery, or the pictures brushed in with words as with line and colour, which are traditionally quoted by this poet's critics, that the highest Spenser lies. The secret of him is shut in those three lines.

Wherein lies their power? The language is so utterly plain that an uninspired poet would have fallen upon baldness. Yet Spenser is a mine of diction (as was remarked to us by a poet who had worked in that mine). But here he had no need for his gorgeous opulence of diction: a few commonest words, and the spell was worked. It is all a matter of relation: the words take life from each other, and become an organism, as with Coleridge. And it is a matter of music; an integral element in the magic of the passage is its sound. In this necromancy, by which the most elementary words, entering into a secret relation of sense and sound, acquire occult property, Spenser is a master. And that which gives electric life to their relation is the Spenserian subtlety of emotion. Here it is specifically pathos, at another time it is joyous exultation, or again the pleasure of beauty. But behind and underneath all these emotional forms, the central and abiding quality, the essence of his emotion is peace, and the radiance of peace. It is the spirit even of his pathos, tempering it from anguish, imparting its peculiar and gentle sweetness. The final effect of all, in this and kindred passages, is lyrical.

Yes, lyrical. We are well-nigh minded to write ourselves down arch-heretics, and say that the "Faëry Queen" is a superb error. Spenser, it almost seems to us, was a supreme lyric poet who, by the influence of tradition and example, was allured to spend his strength in narrative poetry, and only found his true path at the close of his literary career. Throughout the "Faëry Queen" he is happy when he drops narration to dream dreams, and touches his serenest height in some brief, casual access of lyric feeling such as we have quoted. And in his last years, before misfortune silenced him, he wrote an all-too-small, precious handful of lyrics, which cover but a few pages, yet are greater than all his "great" poem together, flowing with milk and honey of poetry though it be. In those grand Platonic "Hymns to Beauty," in the "Prothalamion" and "Epithalamion," all his finest qualities are gathered into organic wholes, sublimated by a lyric ardour which is the radiant

effluence of central peace. Joy never had such expression as in the "Epithalamion," so serenely noble that its intensity of joy may almost be missed, as the swift interflux of the blue heaven cheats us with the aspect of perfect calm. To express supreme joy is the most difficult of tasks (as a critic has remarked), far more difficult than to express intense sadness, which is the chosen aim of most modern poetry. Here it is supremely expressed, in connection with the culminating point of natural joy; and is ennobled by the interfused presence of something loftier and more perfect than joy—that static joy which is peace. How well could we have foregone the full latter half of the "Faëry Queen" for some twenty more of such consummate lyrics! But Spenser found his greatest gift, his truest line of work, all too late, when the night was closing on him wherein no man can work—the night of poverty, ruin, and sorrow-hastened age.

Impressions.

Awakening.

THE village children made our audience. They stared open-mouthed at the yacht that lay alongside the primitive quay, chattering in their unknown tongue, while we asked ourselves the question—shall we start to-night? The wind was adverse, and there was a mile of narrow channel through which we must quant, or tow, before we reached the mere. From the far end of the mere, which was indeed an inland sea, a river adventured into the land, seeking its way seawards, and touching the skirts of many villages as it flowed. Even if we reached the mere, would there be time to tack the length of it so as to find egress by that river before nightfall? While we debated a barge laden with peat slowly passed us. It was one of those family affairs owned by the man who had brought his wife to this roving home years before; the children born to them had grown up amphibians. House and home glided away from us, the man and an elder daughter quanting, the wife at the tiller, and two children on the towing path straining at the line. Idly we watched them pass, and still waited, for what was time to us? As well be here as anywhere: here where the sun idealised the red roofs, and the water mirrored the reflections of the windmill's still sails. Why proceed? Why awaken from the dream? Perhaps we should have there stayed the night, but a little wind sprang up, blowing towards the mere, just favouring us enough to fill the sails. We left the village and moved on like some great white bird flapping lazily in the void. The faces of the children became blurred: we were alone in the flat green lands, home of solitary storks and whirling watermills.

The breeze favoured us no longer when we passed out into the mere: then began the attempt to make the passage against a head wind. In long tacks from side to side patiently we strove to progress, but it was so draggingly that the sun was gone before the spire that marked the far spot where the river nosed through the reeds, seemed nearer than the trees we had left behind. Darkness found us still groping our way, in long tacks, towards the spire. The moon came up, and still we sailed on through the night, noiselessly, for there was no sound but the vicious tugging of the ropes on the pulleys, and the flapping of the sails as we tacked; nothing to be seen but stars and moon, and tantalising lights ahead. Silently we sailed on, the captain at the tiller, the mate clinging to the shrouds, and peering out into the darkness. Although no word was spoken, what they knew communicated itself to us: we had lost our bearings; their keen eyes even

were unable to distinguish among the twinkling lights those that marked the entrance to the river. Some whispered words, a peering into the darkness, an assent, and we dropped anchor to wait for the morning.

We were not far from the shore, for I could see dimly, strange shapes, that might be human habitations, and might be the portentous creations that come in dreams,—amorphous shapes, uncanny, and unrealised, that start fears of the strange and the unknown. Was it land that we saw, or only a dream country that would pass away with the light? As I lay in my bunk and listened to the wash of the waves against the sides of the vessel, I saw again those mysterious shapes, and they kept with me through the night in dreams.

Rumbling and shouts overhead awakened me. The cabin was bright with morning, and when I went on deck, lo! in the clear light of a summer dawn all that in the darkness had seemed mysterious and fearful had become plain and alluringly simple. We were close to the shore. The shapes of the night were—a farmstead, a haystack, and an outlying barn. A peasant was working in a field, the smoke went up from the farmstead chimney, and yonder was the river widening into the land, a handspan below the green meadows.

The wind filled our sails, the sun sparkled on the water, as we glided into the river, and swept onwards to the village. There, against the quay, was the family barge, already beginning to unload her peat. Slow and ungainly but an old traveller in those waters she had gone straight to her haven, knowing the course, while we—And yet we had experienced what they had missed: to us had been given the joy of awakening, of learning once more how illusory are foolish night fears in the new birth of day.

Drama.

Light Comedy.

I AM told that Mr. Esmond was once a distinctly ambitious playwright, a man with ideas. I do not think I could have inferred as much from either of those two of his plays which I happen to have seen. "My Lady Virtue" was a distinctly ingenious comedy of intrigue, evidently the work of a writer well equipped with stagecraft, but, so far as psychology goes, dealing only with the familiar and not very convincing personages and motives proper to a comedy of intrigue. "Billy's Little Love Affair," at the Criterion, is an even slighter piece of work. I am not sure that it was treated altogether fairly by the first-night critics. I quite understand their frame of mind. Mr. Esmond is a dramatist from whom they were originally led to expect a good deal, and who has, again and again, disappointed them. They regard him as one who has made "the grand refusal," has deliberately waived his artistic claims and pretensions, to content himself with success upon the lower levels of the commercial drama. And consequently they insist, consciously or unconsciously, on continuing to try his work by higher standards than they would dream of applying to any other commercial dramatist. It is very natural. They take particular exception to the "tone" of the play, to the atmosphere of rather unpleasant intrigue and sordid eavesdropping which hangs about it. It is just to Mr. Esmond to say that he needs, or at any rate uses, this grimy background for the quite legitimate dramatic purpose of bringing into relief the two perfectly honest and sweet-natured people in whom the main emotional interest of the play centres. But it is none the less true that Mr. and Mrs. Jim Greaves, and the collection of foul-minded demireps and tittle-tattlers who form the

up-to-date "School for Scandal" at their house, are even more amazing bounders than the motive requires, and that one would have expected Mr. Jack Frere and Miss Wilhelmina Marr, quite apart from the actual trouble they get into, to find themselves somewhat more uncomfortable in such company than they seem to do.

Mr. Esmond describes his piece as "light comedy." It is sentimental and not satirical comedy, since what you are meant to be interested in is the coming together, after divers obstacles and misunderstandings, of a young man and a young woman. Wilhelmina Marr, otherwise "Billy," is admittedly a flirt. She has been previously engaged, three or four times, but is now genuinely in love with Jack Frere, whom she proposes to marry. The lovers, however, have not reckoned with an adventuress, Lady Duncan, who, for her own ends, finds it convenient to bemoan Billy's fair name. Mr. Greaves, who is now married to a rich, elderly, and jealous wife, has had a chequered past, of which one episode was an engagement with Billy, who is his cousin, and another a *liaison* with Lady Duncan, for whom he took a flat in Victoria Street. At a later period this flat was let by a house-agent, in the ordinary way of business, to Billy and her mother. Lady Duncan, to screen herself from the suspicions of Mrs. Greaves, manages to make it appear that the occupation of the flat by Jim and Billy was not successive but synchronous. She is aided by the discovery in Jim's desk of some indiscreet love-letters which had passed between the cousins at the time of their engagement. The intrigue is not very plausible, but it may pass. The drama lies in the way in which the lovers comport themselves in the exceedingly unpleasant situation to which the malicious accusation gives rise. Jack Frere is a well-meaning and extremely tactless person. Although staggered for a moment, he speedily recovers his complete faith in Billy. But, partly owing to the advice of a friend, he falls into the inexcusable blunder of suggesting to Billy the desirability of giving some explanation of the circumstantial evidence brought against her. Naturally Billy declines to do anything of the sort. Although, as has been acknowledged, a flirt, she is a perfectly innocent and pure-minded little girl. She does not, in fact, realise exactly what she is supposed to have done. But she understands that it is something discreditable, and that she has been made the subject of discussion between Jack and his friend in the smoking-room. This, in any case, is intolerable to her. Her pride is up in arms in a moment. She throws her engagement ring down on the table, and announces her intention of leaving the house. Frankly, one is rather glad to see her get out of it. Jack is in despair, but presently recovers himself and sets to work to redeem the situation. The exact means by which he does this, hunts down and exposes Lady Duncan, and brings about a reconciliation with Billy, are ingenious, and need not be detailed. Suffice it to say that Billy's reputation and her dignity are alike saved, and that the audience are content accordingly.

It is not, after all, much of a play. Even as compared with "My Lady Virtue," it lacks vigour of construction and plausibility of motive. The trumped-up charge against Billy is too obviously the sort of thing which not even a jealous wife would believe off the stage. The whole thing is only redeemed from insignificance by the character of Billy herself. She is attractively conceived by Mr. Esmond and attractively played by Miss Eva Moore. I think she will very likely prove sufficient to give the play a run, since the public likes a sympathetic heroine, and does not trouble much about the defects of psychology and dramatic intention at which the critics gird. And I am afraid that the result will be to confirm Mr. Esmond still further in his present bent towards the commercial drama.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

A Pioneer.]

TOWARDS the close of day I crossed the threshold of the palatial galleries in Edinburgh, where the annual exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists is the attraction. It was not my intention to write about this collection, which has been open through the summer: moreover, I had had enough of picture-seeing that day: eye and brain were tired, yet sufficiently alert to be impressed by the vitality of the younger Scottish artists. After looking at a hundred or so of their works, I promised myself another visit, and, sinking upon a velvet couch, banished the idea of painted nature and—well, I had been on the heather, and by the banks of living waters; had seen dawn light the hills, the pomp of evening, and the splendour of unsullied skies. On those happier things I mused, and while I mused my eyes rested upon a picture on the facing wall. It was not my hour for paintings. I tried to check this exigent canvas, but it insisted.

It insisted.

So I submitted, straightened myself, and gazed enquiringly at this picture that would not be denied. The subject was unremarkable. Looking towards me was a middle-aged woman, homely, probably of the peasant class, dressed in black. To her right, still further forward in the picture, were two dogs, large and shaggy, one light brown, the other dark, which she held in leash. These three, the woman and the two dogs, had a marvellous air of reality. Unobtrusive, quiet in colour, they stood there uncompromisingly real against a delicate background, light blue predominating, whereon I seemed to detect the faint figure of a Fantastic passing. But the background was remote: it was there to serve the three figures, accentuating, not detracting from their strength. I gazed, wonderingly, at this picture that had the air of permanence amid the ephemerals that surrounded it. Why should this be so? I asked myself. From the studio of what unknown master has it come to sweep through my recalcitrant mood and exact homage? The subject was ordinary, even commonplace, but idealised by the quality of the painting, the ease of the masterly technique, attaining its end while hiding the means, and the clear vision of the artist who painted these figures as he saw them, gravely but piercingly, giving to each tone its exact value in clean colour, and folding the whole in its subtle illusion of atmosphere. I submitted, I acknowledged its mastery, then turned the leaves of the catalogue. The painter was Manet.

I was glad thus to encounter, unexpectedly, the greatness of Manet, the painter. For that name had become to me a symbol, standing for the flame of a revolutionary movement that ran red through France, a movement in which Manet was scout, fighter, and captain, leaving, when he died, a great example to a growing clan. He led the assault on those who sat in high art places leaning contentedly on the encrusted pillars of tradition: led the movement of protestation that developed into Impressionism, but which meant to Manet, in the first period of his career, merely the claim of individual freedom for the artist, the right to be himself, to express what he saw with his own unaided eyes, and to have his talent, trained with Herculean persistence, acknowledged. For that he fought, and through my reading, the name of Manet had come to be significant of tumult. The years had passed, the fight had been won, and now, here, in this quiet gallery where I sat alone, this quiet picture, quite by chance, looming up from the past, had presented me, without credentials, without introduction, to Manet the painter—great and solitary. I was glad.

I recalled other pictures by him, and considered if they had affected me as swiftly and indefinitely as the woman

with the two dogs. Yes: I remembered years ago, at one of the International Society's exhibitions, where there were many memorable pictures, I had been moved in the same curious way by his "Execution of Maximilian." I remembered the high wall, and leaning over it, gazing callously at the tragedy, the dim heads and shoulders of the villagers. They were huddled together, not pitying, not grieving, just staring at the soldiers in the act of firing, at close range, upon the King and his two companions; and I remembered the consummate drawing, and the masterly pose of the soldier who stands apart cocking his rifle. But the tragedy did not disturb me. It was as if Manet had chosen the subject merely for the sake of drawing those soldiers and setting them firmly on the ground; for the sake of painting the smoke, the wall, those peering onlookers: to show a derisive world a picture of an awful moment, and by his art to force them to forget the tragedy in the beauty of the painting, and the drawing, and the convincing force of unobtrusive colours, when the values are rightly observed. In later life so keen was he to paint the actual world that he fore-swore all further commerce with historical or sacred subjects. He would paint only what he saw: the light that plays faintly but truly in this dark picture was to increase till it shone out into the brilliant, clear painting of "Yachting at Argenteuil" and "Le Linge" with the violet shadows, and the broken brush work. With these pictures of light he shot into the Impressionist movement, stamping his eager, ever-widening personality upon it.

How completely Manet has won since the days when Zola, always ready to wound himself for a little, righteous cause, fought in that famous 1865 pamphlet, for this man who "resaw the world," and made him the hero of that brutal work of genius "L'Oeuvre" with its roaring picture of the young art life of Paris. How completely Manet and his friends Monet, Degas, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro have won. In the Luxembourg hang two of his pictures; there, too, is Fantin-Latour's "Hommage à Manet" with the band of faithful friends grouped around him. To-day the Society of Scottish Artists are proud to hang his *Woman with the Two Dogs* in a place of honour; thirty years ago his name was "a folly and a byword in the Parisian studios." Why? Because he was himself; because his vision was simple and sincere; because he was a man who loved truth like a Primitive. We think of him as a revolutionary, but he disclaimed the name. "Come to see works that are sincere," he said in 1867, in the preface to the catalogue of his pictures that were excluded from the Exposition Universelle. "It is the effect of sincerity to give to works a character that makes them resemble a protest, when the painter has thought of nothing but rendering his impression." Imagination did not disturb him with her gay fallacies: beauty might or might not enter into his pictures: he was an artist without emotion, who had incredible skill in the manipulation of paint, and in whose work moves that rare elusive something called quality. No one could mistake a Manet, and no competent judge would ever rank him among the great painters of the world. He saw superbly, but he did not feel deeply; he saw clearly, but his vision began and ended with his eyes. He lacked that something more which some call ecstasy, some the mystical sense, some the grace of God. The greatness of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo, of Botticelli, of Velasquez, of Hals, of Turner is not his: yet when I stand before certain pictures by Manet, I feel that within their limitations they are final. Especially does this apply to the Manet of the first period from 1860 to 1870, the realist, the silhouette Manet, gradually feeling his way from the influence of Courbet towards the light. He passed from the "Woman with the Dogs" and the "Maximilian" learning from, and discarding Titian and Giorgione, to Velasquez and the Spanish masters, on to the Japanese through whose colour prints he was born into the sunlight, to become

Manet the luminist, the painter of "Le Linge" and "Yachting at Argenteuil."

There among the Impressionists he was again chief. From him and his companions was to rise and spread the great school of modern Impressionism—dividers of tones, pointillists, dottists, and the vast army of clever technicians, imitators, who will talk for hours about the scientific principles of painting, and having learned the trick will produce a scientific picture—no more. Manet had sight, vision and knowledge. He remains.

C. L. H.

Science.

An Impossible Task.

SOME months ago Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace set himself the task of proving that the planet on which we live is unique, in that it alone, in all the Universe, is a possible theatre for the play of life. In a former article, suggested by his paper, I tried to show, whilst dismissing his argument as "worthless," that it is possible to think otherwise than Dr. Wallace, without the least loss of the sense of self-respect or race-respect. My object was to show that to us, human life, its origin and its destiny, is the most important thing in the Universe, whether or not there are other worlds like ours. If you are as valid and significant an object to yourself, believing in the known and familiar truths of modern astronomy, as you would have been had you lived at any time between Ptolemy, Eusebius, and such like clumsy destroyers of Greek science, on the one hand, and the publication of Copernicus' masterpiece on the other, then you will agree with me that there is a logical flaw in Dr. Wallace's mind, which impelled him to assert the importance of human life as proved by a uniqueness supposed to pertain thereto. This flaw is further demonstrated by the extraordinary history which reveals in Dr. Wallace, the famous co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection, in turn Spiritualist of the most credulous type, anti-vaccinator of the blindest, and now would-be subverter of half the fundamental truths of modern science. There would be no occasion for this paper, but for the fact that Dr. Wallace has a reply to his critics in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review," and has been spending the last three months in the preparation of a book wherein it will be abundantly demonstrated "that our earth is the only inhabited planet in the whole Stellar Universe." Obviously this could only be shown by evidence which would prove that our earth is the only *inhabitable* planet in the Universe: and it is apparent that Dr. Wallace has therefore practically set himself the stupendous task of attempting to prove a "universal negative." It needs not ten seconds consideration to show that the task is logically impossible: but on what slender evidence Dr. Wallace thinks he has achieved it would astound anyone who fancies that emotional prepossessions are not often sufficient utterly to destroy the logical faculty in the minds of those whom they obsess.

You may say that Dr. Wallace is not an astronomer, and that his book will therefore be ignored. Not at all. It is a notorious popular fallacy that the man who is distinguished in one branch of activity is therefore to be listened to and accepted, on whatever topic he opens his mouth. When Lord Salisbury, in 1894, delivered himself of his criticism of evolution, crusted over with paralogisms and misplaced satire, which would have made the British Association ridiculous, had that been possible, there was a chorus of rejoicing from the opponents of the greatest and most hopeful truth that has ever been given to the world. Lord Salisbury, the President of the British Association,

had spoken. There are myriads of examples in every sphere; nor can one decide whether to be more astonished at the *obiter dicta* of these distinguished people on matters of which they know nothing, or at the numberless dupes who might almost as well listen to my views on the ethics of publishing—a question urgently raised in such a case as that under discussion—because, let us say, I was reputed to "play a fairly straight bat" at school. And another fallacy, upon which Spencer has insisted, is the idea that the man who observes facts can therefore argue about them, whereas the truth is rather the reverse, and many contemporary instances might be adduced of men who are patient, honest, accurate and acute observers, but have rarely made a deduction or an induction that would hold water. Similarly your logician may even be in error as to the number of buttons on his coat.

It seems hardly worth while to enumerate the individual items of Dr. Wallace's failure, but here are a few. Misled by a popular work of Prof. Newcomb's—a work which should never have been published, containing, as it did, many unproved statements, since disproved—Dr. Wallace starts out to show, first of all, that the Starry Universe is finite. Supposing that task accomplished, let him now follow his American mentor, who, in a subsequent book, also written for the public, describes an imaginary flight through an indefinite number of finite starry universes, of which ours is one. It is true that there is no more proof of the existence of these other "universes" than there is of the finiteness of ours; but Dr. Wallace has to prove that they do not exist before he need go any further. There follows the argument about the number of the stars—the bright stars, that is to say—whilst the writer forgets that there are numberless dark stars. "As well," said Sir Robert Ball the other day, "might you count all the red-hot horse-shoes in England, and say 'these are all there are!'" Similarly the recent discovery of dark nebulae, explaining certain of the apparent rifts in the milky way, is ignored. That the habitableness of the satellites of any stars at the supposed "confines" of the Universe might be discounted, Dr. Wallace had to suggest that possibly gravitation might act but irregularly there, so that no evolution of life would be possible. This supposition he now retracts—offering no other in its place—and observes that the former article was written in a hurry. What possible excuse there could be for writing such an article "somewhat hastily" I cannot imagine. The motion of the entire Solar System—some twelve miles a second—having been pointed out to him, he disposes of it by saying that there is no proof of this motion being in a straight line, and that the Solar System may be revolving round the supposed centre. So it may, but that is for him to prove. I may be standing on my head at this moment, but it surely remains for Dr. Wallace to prove it so before he proceeds to draw any deductions from the assertion.

Far otherwise is the probable truth of this stupendous question. The spectroscope has taught us that what we still call the "elements" go to compose the sun, the comets, the nebulae, the furthest star, as they do you and me. Everything goes to prove that law is universal. The gravitation that swings a sun determines the occasional coldness of your feet, or the shape chosen by the designer of the Great Pyramid. Neither "time" nor "space" affects the eternal and omnipresent reign of law: these are but the forms in which we think—unfounded inferences from the nature of our own sensations. The great probability is that *every* planet of *every* sun becomes in its turn the seat of organic life, which develops from the dust of a satellite of Sirius by the operation of the law which determined its production here. As it is now, so it was æons ago, and will be in æons yet to come. The inhabited period may well be but a brief span in the youth of a planet. It is a matter of temperature. The chances may be, as has been suggested, that at any given time it is

four hundred to one that any given planet—of our system or any other—is not inhabited. We used to hear of creatures different from ourselves: life without oxygen, and so forth. Ere we knew that one and the same stuff, modifiable under universal laws, is the raw material of everything, such speculation was legitimate. But now we must rather conceive of man as inevitably produced by the evolutionary changes which have occurred in the solar nebula: we recognise that nebula to have been, in all probability, similar to countless such; and we must contemplate the production of beings, such as ourselves, in the planets formed, in all parts of the infinite universe, therefrom. So far is this earth from being unique that it is rather infinitely common, as part of a Universe which is infinite not only in extent but in unity and conformity and in its obedience to laws which admit of no exception, and of which neither "time" nor "space" can disturb the uniform and irrefragable sway.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

The Influence of the Drama.

SIR,—As regards the first point in our little argument, you gracefully concede my position without abandoning your own. This is perhaps as much as can be expected of human nature.

As regards the second point, will you be good enough to answer one question? Do you hold that the acted drama is essentially and inherently incapable of influencing for good or ill the intellectual and moral life of a nation? In that case, I understand your contention, while wholly dissenting from it. But if this is not your contention, I do not see how you can deny that there is a "gigantic force" in the mechanism of the theatre, even if you argue that, here and now, it is wasted, and produces no effect. Supposing the fact to be so, is not this very waste of potential energy an evil to the remedying of which "earnest" thought may reasonably be applied? But I think you will find that the fact is not so. The direct influence of dramatic representations on thought and conduct may not be very great; but the indirect and diffusive influence of the manners and ideals presented in the theatre is enormous.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

P.S.—I note that you almost explicitly deny the influence of "entertainment" upon "character." If that be indeed your theory, you ought to develop it more fully; for universal testimony, from Plato downwards, is against you.

"Reliable."

SIR,—Apropos of your correspondence on "Reliable," allow me to point out two corruptions of the language which have become very widespread of late years. The first is the persistent abuse of the possessive case: "He was a friend of my father's" is the substitution of the correct phrase "He was a friend of my father," or "He was my father's friend." This mistake is made by good speakers and writers who would, doubtless, be affronted if told they sometimes misused the King's English. The other abuse is the constant use of the phrase "Up till now," in place of the good old word "until." I believe "Up till now" was introduced by means of the theatre. The first time I heard it was from the comic man at a burlesque or pantomime, who repeated it continually. After that it seemed to grow apace, and is now used quite seriously, hideous though it is.—Yours, &c.,

H. D. BARCLAY.

26, Kingston Road, West Hampstead.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 207 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best letter to the Editor starting a discussion on any author, book, or literary topic. Twenty-five replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Madeline E. Jennings, Stortford Cottage, Chorley Wood, for the following:—

CAN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES BE TRUE?

As I opened the ACADEMY on Sunday afternoon my eye fell upon the paragraph quoting Sir Leslie Stephen's condemnation of his own attempts at reminiscence. The question asked itself afresh—"Can Autobiographies be true?" What is the general opinion? If we exercise ourselves in the pious duty of self-examination, and set down the result in black and white, has it or has it not any chance of being a passable representation of the facts?

Take my own case. A spinster in middle age, with apparently incurable bad health, I find myself possessed of an incorrigibly cheerful temperament, which shows no signs of recent acquisition, a capacity for finding pleasure in the absurdest things, and a sanguine expectation in this world and the next. But I know, should I attempt to write in all sincerity the story of my youth and childhood, the atmosphere would be one of deadly gloom with streaks of quite lurid tragedy. I shall not do it. I am forewarned; but I could not help myself. Yet I may have been a comfortable child. I certainly was fat. Why in retrospect do we unconsciously pile on the agony? One gifted authoress, telling her own tale, a troubled one enough, remarks: "On the whole I have had a happy life, though my friends do looked shocked when I say so." I know of no other case with a similar bias, but the veracity is questioned all the same. What do your readers say?

Other replies follow:—

SENTIMENTALITY.

There was a lengthy account lately in the "Daily Gusher" of the last hours of Lord Salisbury which was little better than sentimentality run to seed. In another popular newspaper last week, apropos of the building where Dickens edited "Household Words," I read: "There in that house at the corner of Exeter Street around which the hoarding now stands, concealing the 'Lot 64' painted on the corner, and the northern windows of which are now sightless holes in the old brick wall, the Master worked for many years surrounded by men whom he admired and trusted, and by whom he was adored." Most worshipful editor! Adored? Would not "loved and esteemed" be less suggestive of the eternal feminine? One is irresistibly reminded of the spinster's speech in Calverley's "Precious Stones":—

"Yes! the three stones that rest beneath
Glass, on that plain deal shelf,
Stranger, once dallied with the teeth
Of Royalty itself."

Are we drifting to this emasculated sort of relic worship? Ought we not to caution some hysterical writers to the Press, with the couplet—

"Genius extol with laudatory pen,
But pray remember that you write for men."

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

HAS MYSTICISM A FUTURE?

The appearance of new editions of Boehme, Ruysbroek, and St. Juliana, as well as the comparatively recent Bampton Lectures on Mysticism by Prof. Inge, suggest an affirmative answer to this question. But I should much like to know if the subject is one of "general interest"? It seems that, to some minds, mysticism is a vague term, shorn of all moral attributes, and equally applicable to superstition and other freaks of the religious instinct.

If mysticism is "rather an atmosphere than a system" might it not vitalize and unite many of our present discordant systems of belief, without robbing them of their true distinctions? And if Eastern thought could be interpreted in the West, as Prof. Max Müller has suggested, might not the two hemispheres join hands in feeling, if not in faith?

[C. M. W., Reigate.]

LITERARY HOLIDAYS.

I observe in a recent periodical that Lichfield has announced its intention of upholding, with civic pomp and aldermanic solemnity, the anniversary of the birth of the great Samuel Johnson as a public holiday. I have trembled with emotion in thinking over this announcement; for I perceive therein a way whereby reverence for literature, and also a literary taste, may be imparted to the nation,

from the highest to the lowest, from the labouring swain of the fields and tolling costermonger of the town to the wealthy publican and pork-butcher of suburban aristocracy. To awake their dormant susceptibilities to higher things, supposed to exist—however microscopic—within the hearts of all individuals, it is necessary to be wise in making the first steps. I am overwhelmed with the pungent pain of my sentiments when I reflect upon the possibility of the literary salvation of the masses. I anticipate with extreme joy the prospective extinction of the penny sport and obnoxious novelette! As I mentioned before, first advances must be judicious. That is why I consider the holiday idea so brilliant. It would capture the hearts of the dear deluded toilers and prepare them for cultivation. Thus, on May 7th, Camberwell might rejoice that a Robert Browning had lived to give them solace and—a holiday! Camberwellites should be invited to the Town Hall to receive reprints of the poet's works, or his life, or anything that would secure their conversion to Apollo. It has long mystified me why the 23rd of April, Shakespeare's birthday, has never been made a national holiday. Steps should at once be taken in this matter. Thus should every town and place that has borne tribute to literature in the shape of immortal souls celebrate befittingly their birth anniversaries. You will doubtless receive many letters from towns interested in this great national question, and I shall probably find it necessary to considerably enlarge upon these brief remarks of mine.

[P. G., London.]

SHOULD LITERARY MEN BE PAID?

There seems to be a lofty but rather discomfiting idea abroad that literary men should not be paid for their services; or, at any rate, that it is a matter of no great consequence whether they receive much or little for their work. Perhaps some of your readers may feel inclined to favour us with their views on this subject. Personally, speaking as a humble member of the fraternity it is proposed not to remunerate, I rather incline to the view that authors ought to be paid something. I think, too, I can prove it by *reductio ad absurdum*. Thus: if authors are not paid, artists need not be paid, and if artists are not paid, tailors' cutters need not be paid, and if tailors' cutters are not paid, shoemakers need not be paid. And if shoemakers are not paid, why pay grocers? Similarly, it may be shown that nobody need be paid; which is absurd. Therefore authors ought to be paid.

Coming to a less mathematical, but more serious, treatment of the matter, let us consider this question of the real meaning of money. It is sometimes supposed that the desire for gold is an ignoble desire. But money is not merely gold. It stands for anything and everything—almost. Thus, money may mean to one man degradation: to another, enlargement of soul: to another, help to bring forth the best that is in him. In some cases, then, the pursuit of wealth is a noble undertaking. Is it impossible that this should be so in the case of the literary man?

Appropos of the problem, a writer in your columns of last week asks of the reader this question: "Do you suppose that Milton cared two pennies whether he received £5 or £500 for 'Paradise Lost'?" God help me, I do. I believe he cared, not two pennies, but just £495. Capital is necessary to every undertaking. Who can conceive how glorious a return a Milton might make for £500?

[S. H., Warwick.]

SHOULD READING BE DISCOURAGED?

Can you spare a few hundred columns a week in your cultured and admirably conducted paper, to permit the raising of the advisability of suppressing the growing practice of reading?

It may with truth be said, that everybody reads nowadays. At one time it was the pastime of scholars and the well-to-do alone, but now, alas, the ill-educated of all classes are not content without indulging in that time-slaying pursuit.

Reading leads to wickedness, for the heart of man being desperately wicked, he is interested in anything that appertains to villainy. Thus we find that printed matter mainly consists of records of evil. Is there any paper save your own that limits the report of unsavoury cases to a single column? Analyse the pages of any of your contemporaries, ponder over the books read this year. They all bear witness to wickedness. Let us discourage, or, if necessary, prevent outright, the habit of reading, and we shall save our brethren from the knowledge and practice of evil, as I am persuaded that few of our countrymen have sufficient imagination to enable them to do wrong on their own account.

The task will be Herculean. The vested interest of the brewers and the publicans are as nothing compared to the powers of the Press; but who shall say that such an undertaking is impossible to a nation that proposes to reform its War Office?

[C. D. T., Liverpool.]

Competition No. 208 (New Series).

This week, as an exercise in ingenuity, we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best original prose passage on "The Departure of the Swallows," introducing, appositely, the line from Rossetti's "Blessed Domozel": "The stars in her hair were seven." Replies not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 16 September, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

To Those who Suffer.....(Macmillan) net 1/0
Godfrey (W. S.), Theism found Wanting.....(Watts) net 0/4

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

South (Robert), The Divine Aretino and other Plays.....(Long) net 7/6
Symons (Arthur), Plays, Acting, and Music.....(Duckworth) net 4/0
Jarflaith, Eastern Sunsets.....(Blackwell) net 3/6
Mathews (Hew), Andrew and Begonia.....(Wilson) net 2/6
Pearson's Irish Reciter.....(Pearson) 2/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Reith (John), The Life and Writings of Rev. Alexander Murray, D.D. (Maxwell) net 3/6
Crichton-Browne (Sir James), The Nemesis of Froude.....(Lane) net 3/6
Eyre-Todd (George), edited by, The Autobiography of William Simpson, R.I. (Unwin) net 21/0
Adams (W. E.), Memoirs of a Social Atom. 2 Vols.....(Hutchinson) net 24/0
Ford (J. A.), translated by, The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. 2 Vols.....(Heinemann) net 21/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Levy-Bruhl (L.), The Philosophy of Auguste Comte.....(Sonnenschein) 10/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Perkins (Rev. Thomas), The Cathedral Church of St. Albans.....(Bell) net 1/6
Headlam (Cecil), Ten Thousand Miles through India and Burma.....(Dent) net 7/6

ART.

Potter (Mary Knight), The Art of the Vatican.....(Bell) net 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Wolff (Jetta S.), Les Français D'autrefois.....(Arnold) 1/3
Mason (Flora), edited by, Shakespeare's As You Like It.....(Dent) 1/4
Barnard (S.) and Child (J. M.), A New Geometry for Schools.....(Macmillan) 4/6
Berthon (H. E.), Premieres Grammaire Française.....(Dent) net 1/6
Armstrong (Henry M.), The Teaching of Scientific Method and other Papers on Education.....(Macmillan) 6/0
Godfrey (C.) and Siddons (A. W.), Elementary Geometry.....(Clay) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cooper (Rev. A. N.), Round the Home of a Yorkshire Parson.....(Brown) net 3/6
Noble (The late John), Bibliography of Inverness Newspapers and Periodicals (MacKay) net 2/6
Williams (M. Forrest), How to take Care of a Consumptive.....(Long) net 1/0
Northcote (Lady Rosalind), The Book of Herbs.....(Lane) net 2/6
Cronise (Florence) and Ward (Henry W.), Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider and the Other Bees.....(Sonnenschein) 5/0
Fish (D. S.), Propagating Plants.....(Dawbarn) net 0/6
Letters that Bring Business.....(Pitman) net 1/0
Hammond (Walter J.), Thoughts on Mr. Chamberlain's proposed Fiscal Policy (Wilson) 0/6

JUVENILE.

Evans (S. Hope), Sea Children.....(Unwin) net 2/6
Kidd (Will), Dickyddos.....(Richards) 3/6
Leighton (Robert), The Kidnapping of Peter Cray.....(") 6/0
Jacberns (Raymond), The Scaramouche Club.....(") 3/6
Shepherd (J. A.), The Donkey Book.....(") 2/6
Turner (Ethel), Betty & Co.(Ward, Lock) 3/6
Burrow (F. Russell), Alexander in the Ark.....(Pearson) 5/0
Tighe (Harry), Archie Wynward.....(Sonnenschein) 6/6
Sichel (Gerald), The Gramp.....(Sonnenschein) net 1/0
Woodhouse (S. C.), Orude Ditties.....(") net 1/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Dufferin (The Marquess of), Letters from High Latitudes.....(Murray) net 2/6
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. I. A—C.....(Bell) net 21/0
Calverley (C. S.), Fly Leaves.....(") net 1/0
Morley (John), The Life of Richard Cobden.....(Unwin) net 2/6
Darwin (Charles), The Origin of Species.....(Watts) 0/6
Oppenheim (E. Phillips), As a Man Lives.....(Ward, Lock) 0/6
Penn (William), Some Fruits of Solitude.....(Constable) net 1/6
Meredith (George), An Essay on Comedy.....(Constable) 2/6
Wallace (Alfred Russel), The Wonderful Century.....(Sonnenschein) net 7/6

PERIODICALS.

Geographical Journal, Current Literature.

